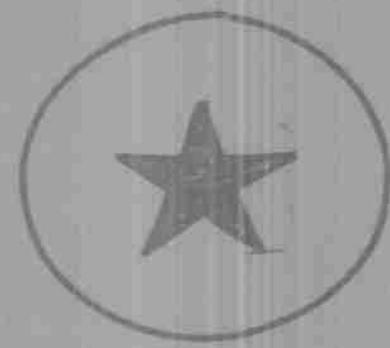


# THE STAR



## GROCERY.

Anything advertised will be found at our store precisely as advertised. By doing what we advertise we hold our trade.

If you want to test the purchasing power of a dollar—here's your chance.

2 lbs. finest granulated sugar	\$1.00
22 lbs. C sugar	1.00
Pettijohn's breakfast food	10
2 gallon gall sugar syrup	50
1 gallon pure maple syrup	60
1 box—12 bars—Coco toilet soap	20
6 pkgs. Scotch oats	45
2 lbs. whole cod fish	15
2 cans Boston baked beans	25
4 cans potted ham	25
8 lbs. hand picked navy beans	25
8 lbs. new Lima beans	25
15 lbs. white lard	1.00
No. 1 sugar cured hams, per lb.	10 1/2
Large white Colo. potatoes, per bu.	75
6 lbs. Carolina rice	25
1 gallon cucumber pickles	25
2 lbs. Kennedy's crackers	15
Good broom	10
4 pkgs. buckwheat flour	25
8 lbs. box starch	15
1 lb. pkg. broken Java coffee	15
4 lbs. golden Rio coffee	1.00
2 lbs. Java and Mocha	1.00

## DRIED FRUITS.

5 lbs. nice new raisins	25
2 lbs. fancy California peaches	25
2 lbs. white pears	25
2 lbs. Raspberries	25
3 lbs. Blackberries	25
1 lb. pitted cherries	25
2 lbs. silver prunes	25
1 lb. large fancy apricots	25
6 lbs. new currants	25
2 lbs. California pitted plums	25

## CANNED GOODS.

2 cans white wax beans	25
2 cans marrowfat peas	25
2 cans sugar corn	25
2 cans string beans	25
2 cans Lima beans	25
2 cans tomatoes	25
1 can California pie peaches, peeled	25
1 can California pie green gages	25
1 can extra fine sliced Pineapple	25
3 cans, 3 lb. grated Pineapple	25
1 can California pie grapes	25
3 lbs. cans California Pears, Peaches, Plums, Apricots and Grapes in heavy syrups, 2 for 25 cents	25
8 lbs. cans assorted soups	25
Kennedy's crackers by box, per lb.	50

## SOAPS.

7 bars White Russian soap	25
White Russian soap by box	25
6 bars Fairbank's Brown soap	25
8 bars Town's Delight soap	25

## FLOUR! FLOUR!

We have all brands, and it will pay you to get our prices before buying.

Mail orders packed and shipped the same day as received.

**J. S. SPROAT,**  
THE STAR GROCER,  
108 E. SIXTH STREET  
TELE. 252.

## AFTER THE BATTLE.

Both Pugilists Meet in the Court Room.

They Shake Hands and Talk Quite Freely.

TO MEET JACKSON.

Corbett Arranging to Fight Him in June.

JACKSVILLE, Fla., Jan. 26.—James J. Corbett went into the ring champion of the world, without a scratch upon his face or a bruise upon his body. He entered the ring with something more to murder in his heart. He fought, not as Jim Corbett usually does, but as was the custom of the once mighty Sullivan—like a wildcat. He beat Charles Mitchell in three rounds, and now has but one regret—that he did not punish the Englishman more.

It was a short, sharp and decisive fight, too brief to have many of the elements of brutality in it. It was a foregone conclusion from the moment the men stepped to the center of the ring, and Corbett's hatred of the Englishman became to the surface, inhibited him from shaking hands with the man who had so uniformly abused and insulted him.

Corbett Had Murder in His Heart.

There was all but murder in Corbett's eyes. When he cornered the Englishman his long arms shot out with the force of a catapult. There was vengeance in the wrist.

Mitchell showed wonderful cleverness in the beginning, crawling out of the close quarters into which the superior size, reach and weight of his opponent bore him, but there was no faltering in Corbett's plan of campaign, and he slowly surrounded the Briton, as it were, raining upon his head and sides a shower of savage punches. There was despatch in Mitchell's face as he vainly tried to elude his agile pursuer, and finally when Corbett closed with his opponent in an corner, Mitchell realized that it was no longer possible for him to escape the battery of the American. He pluckily tried to parry and failing sought to clinch, but Corbett finally beat him off, and with a sharp blow to the side of the jaw brought the Englishman on all fours.

It was then that the crowd broke into a wild shout of applause. With the cheers of his friends ringing in his ears, and with the memory of the past crowding fast upon him, Corbett lost his head, and with the agility of a tiger, and the terrible anger of a lion, sprang toward the pitiable Englishman on the ropes, roared flat-footed and describing a semi-circle with his right tried to land a knock-out blow. Twice he tried this, but Mitchell's weak and woolly body had given the American from the first, sacrificing the honor and the glory that would have come to him from his now decisive battle with the Englishman.

A Fool Barely Averted.

There were cries of foul from the crowd, although the sentiments of the vast throng was plainly with the American. Corbett's seconds, with great presence of mind, shot through the ropes. John Kelly ran to the side of the down-fallen pugilist, and Corbett was dragged away. Mitchell was conscious, and he knew that Corbett was standing over him ready to dash without mercy, the blow that should end the fight.

When the Englishman struggled to his feet, Corbett, without a tinge of pity, pounded his big gloves into the face of his foe until the latter staggered and fell against the ropes, and lay almost sprawling on the floor. John Kelly was again on his feet, and there was a pause in the men closed in Corbett's corner, and there was a vague exchange. When the gong sounded, seconds and referee, and the half dozen in the ring had to cry the enemies apart. It was hard work to bring Mitchell up again, but Corbett sprang out when the gong sounded. There was a moment of sparing. Mitchell tried but once, a last desperate play to tackle, but Corbett was remarkably toxy and alert, and he soon crowded the poor beaten Briton to the ropes again, and with another of his merciless jabs, sat his rival flat on the floor. Mitchell was evidently suffering severely, and his face was the picture of woe. His mouth and nose were bleeding and with his big gloves he had severed the blood all over his face until his appearance was most ghastly. Again Corbett, losing his presence of mind, started toward Mitchell and again his hands swung out and again his seconds ran forward to save him from non-final defeat. Big John Kelly ran over to the ropes where Mitchell was lying and Corbett was hauled back to his seat. Mitchell hardly dared to rise, and his fingers went up and down like pendulums of a clock to count the seconds that must elapse before the battle was over.

The Knock Out.

It seemed an hour before Mitchell finally rose to his feet again, and it was dangerously near the limit of time, but just before the gong rang out, Mitchell did stand up, leaning against the ropes, as far as the counterfiet of his feelings. Kelly waved his finger to Corbett, who was seated in his corner, and the American champion springing forward for the last time, leaning over to where Mitchell stood, a dangerous look in his eye, and with a dangerous indication of revenge, shot his hand out with the speed of lightning bolts. A big glove landed faintly and squarely on Mitchell's face, and the British fell prone upon the stage, the blood oozing from his mouth and staining the rough pine boards of the ring. He made faint one attempt to move, and then turned

over and lay with his face to the floor, utterly and absolutely beaten. His seconds ran over and bore him to his corner, and with the cheers of the people pitched to the highest key known in the minutes of public assemblies dimly ringing in his ears, he sat in his corner, trying to realize the suddenness and completeness with which all his hopes had been blasted.

After the Fight Was Over.

The crowd remained long enough to see Mitchell borne to his corner. While the fallen gladiator was receiving the consolation of his admirers and the cheering sympathy of Pony Moore his father-in-law, Corbett was being surrounded and crushed by his frantic friends, all trying to shake his hand at once. As soon as the fight was over, Corbett slipped on his trousers again and drew the towels about him and stepping lightly as when he had entered the ring, he made his way slowly back to the old kitchen in the yard, where he had spent an hour before the fight, waiting for Mitchell to come.

Mitchell drew his old grey bathrobe over his shoulders and was led back to his cabin.

Preparations were then made to get the fighters out of the city. There was a great crowd around the dressing room until the pugilists were ready to leave, but the majority of the sports rushed back to town as soon as the gong sounded the death knell of Mitchell's pugilistic hopes, burdened the wires with telegrams to their friends and broke bottles of wine and cursed their lack of bad judgment according as they had pinned their faith to the American or the British champion.

The streets of the city were thronged with people, strangers and residents alike, all cheering the triumph of America over England.

Say He Didn't Punch Him More.

Corbett rested for a quarter of an hour in his dressing-room, chatting with his friends and expressing his satisfaction with the result. He would have liked to have punished Mitchell more, and that was apparently his only regret. The American showed not a trace of punishment.

Mitchell remained in his dressing-room after Corbett had gone. His face was washed of the blood with which it had been smeared, and he was made ready to leave the city.

After Corbett's carriage had rattled down the road, Mitchell came out of his cabin, walking unsupported, and evidently not much hurt, and showing signs of the battle, save a cut in his lip, from which the blood had flowed somewhat freely during the brief fight.

A crowd watched the Englishman in his carriage, but there were no signs of sympathy as his vehicle drove away down the sandy road.

Just as the pugilists were ready to drive off they were placed under arrest on orders by Attorney-General Lamar. Both gave bail and Lamar's corpus proceedings will be instituted for their release.

Corbett and Mitchell Met in the Court Room last evening and through the efforts of Joe Venditti the long-contested animosity of the two men toward each other was buried. Though they had not exchanged the usual handshakes in the ring, either before or after the battle, they cordially shook hands in the court room.

Mitchell made a little speech in which he acknowledged having uttered many bitter things against Corbett, but said he regretted them and was glad he had been whipped by a man worthy in every way to wear a champion's honors.

There was general applause in the room over the reconciliation. It is not thought here the court proceedings will be more than formal.

What Corbett Says.

In answer to questions Corbett said: "I wonder if I think of it now as I did before the fight. I never harbored any doubt as to the result. Poor Billy Brady, the Lord bless his little soul, has been doing all the worrying. He trained for the thing in a much way more than I did to condition myself, and I'll not right now that his nerves have undergone a test ten-fold more than mine. I always sized the man up for just what he has been credited with possessing and that which he lacked most—strength and strength."

"I ran in on a few of his leads. It was hard work to bring Mitchell up again, but Corbett sprang out when the gong sounded. There was a moment of sparing. Mitchell tried but once, a last desperate play to tackle, but Corbett was remarkably toxy and alert, and he soon crowded the poor beaten Briton to the ropes again, and with another of his merciless jabs, sat his rival flat on the floor. Mitchell was evidently suffering severely, and his face was the picture of woe. His mouth and nose were bleeding and with his big gloves he had severed the blood all over his face until his appearance was most ghastly.

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over and lay with his face to the floor, utterly and absolutely beaten.

As the time set for the fight approached the Dual club added another to the list of disreputable actions which had characterized its management of the fight. It began tales in at \$3 and \$10 per head an immense crowd of men, who had refused to pay more and would not come in at a higher price. Manager Bowden, when it was announced even

the working newspaper men should be charged \$6 each for admission was asked Wednesday: "Are you going to sell these tickets any lower?"

"Never," he replied. "We give you choice and the rate is made only for the working newspaper men."

Yesterday Bowden stood at the door and watched men after men pay \$10, and if the men said they had not that amount, took \$5 and passed them through the door to sit beside the men who had paid \$35, \$35, and many of them \$50 for admission.

Ex-Champion Sullivan's Opinion.

WILMINGTON, Del., Jan. 26.—John L. Sullivan said that he expected Corbett to win, but he did not think that Mitchell would be whipped in less than ten rounds.

"It was a case of a good little man against a good big man, and the big man always wins in such a case," said the ex-champion.

When asked if he intended to challenge the winner Sullivan said he had not yet made up his mind as Corbett already had had a match on with Peter Jackson. He would wait until that was over before deciding about a challenge to Corbett.

What Peter Jackson Says.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Jan. 26.—Peter Jackson said last night: "I do not want to say too much about the battle, but let me say, emphatically, that Charles Mitchell has proven himself one of the most courageous of men that ever entered the ring. After to-day nobody can say that Mitchell is a coward. Why, he is as game a little man as ever stepped. I have to fight Corbett next June, and sincerely hope I will beat him."

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After Corbett's carriage had rattled down the road, Mitchell came out of his cabin, walking unsupported, and evidently not much hurt, and showing signs of the battle, save a cut in his lip, from which the blood had flowed somewhat freely during the brief fight.

It seems like the irony of fate that Corbett should have beaten in quick succession his great rivals—Sullivan and Mitchell. This has made his title as clear as the championship.

It is evident that Corbett has made his title as clear as the championship.

Three People Frozen to Death.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Jan. 26.—The cold weather here has not been without its fatal results. John Fraese, a farmer, was so badly frozen that he will not recover. An unknown tramp was found frozen to death in a box car on the Iron Mountain railroad south of Carondelet. Theod. Areutt, a farmer of Centerville station township, was frozen to death near his home on the Air Line road a few miles out from East St. Louis.

W.M. Mr. Olney Resigns.